

# S. Ullman's Son

2--STORES--2

1820-22 East Main Street, 506 East Marshall Street

## Good Grocery News

Lay in your supply of good things to eat. We are the people who save you money on all your groceries.

Prices Always the Lowest. Goods the Best

Everything clean and tempting.

Small Spare Ribs, per pound.....	10c	Dunlop Patent Flour, \$5.00 bbl., or per bag.....	35c
Best Sugar-Cured Ham, per pound.....	12½c	New Dates, per pound.....	5c
Good Swiss Cheese, per pound.....	18c	Large Boxes of Matches, per dozen.....	6c
New Mixed Nuts, per pound.....	11c	Small California Hams, per pound.....	10c
Fresh Maine Potatoes, per pound.....	10c	Try our 4-year-old Rye Whiskey, gal.....	\$2.00
Fresh Bones, per pound.....	8c	Four-year-old Corn Whiskey, gal.....	\$2.00
New Crop New Orleans Molasses, per gallon.....	40c	New Virginia Buckwheat, 1 lb., for.....	25c
New Roe Herring, 20c. doz., or half bbl.,	\$3.25	Fresh Eggs, Butter, per pound.....	28c
New Clipped Herring, 20c. doz., or half bbl.,	\$3.00	Hecker's Prepared Buckwheat, package.....	10c
Large New Irish Potatoes, 25c. peck, or bus.,	90c	Whole Sweet Pickles, per gallon.....	40c
Best Cream Cheese, 1½ pounds for.....	25c	Pure Cider Vinegar, per gallon.....	20c
Washburn-Crosby Superfine Flour, \$5.00 barrel, or per bag.....	35c	Seeded Raisins, per pound.....	10c
Sunset Catsup, large bottles.....	10c	Ullman's Pride Coffee, 1-lb. pkg., 2 for.....	25c
New Citron, per pound.....	18c	Best City Meat, 2½c. peck, or per bushel.....	95c
Chalmers' Gelatin, 8 for.....	25c	Excellent Grade Green or Mixed Tea, lb.....	40c
Wine for Jelly, per quart.....	15c	Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, per can.....	10c
New California Prunes, 4 pounds for.....	25c	Four-Year Old Peach and Apple Brandy, per gal.....	\$2.00
Duff's Malt Whiskey, regular \$1 bottle.....	85c	Macaroni or Spaghetti, one-pound packages.....	7c
Old Virginia Roe, in cans.....	10c	Pound Clean Currants for.....	10c
Nice Sugar Corn, per can.....	7c	Two Cans Table Peaches for.....	25c
Good Mixed Hay, per 100 pounds.....	75c	Snowflake Patent Flour, bag 2½c., or per bar.....	\$4.90
Six nice, fat Mackerels for.....	25c	New Navy Beans, per pound.....	10c
New Early June Peas three cans for.....	25c	Shredded Coconut, 2 pounds for.....	25c
Nice New Large Sweet Potatoes, per peck.....	15c	Dunlop Flour, 35c. bag, or per bbl.....	\$5.50
New Quaker Oats, per package.....	10c	Snowflake Lard, per pound.....	10c
Best American Granulated Sugar, per pound.....	5½c	California Evaporated Peaches.....	10c
New Mother's Oats, per package.....	10c	Three-pound Jars Home-Made Preserves.....	20c
Large cans Tomatoes, per can.....	8c	Five-pound Jars Home-Made Pickles.....	35c
1 can Peaches Sugar Corn for.....	25c	Va. Pride Coffee, one-pound package.....	14c
Just received Imported Sour Kruit, quart.....	8c	Ginger Snaps or Soda Crackers, per lb.....	4½c
New Sour Pickles, per gallon.....	25c	California Can Peaches or Apples, 2 for.....	50c

Remittances must accompany all out-of-town orders. Write for price-list. Fruits and Vegetables always on hand. Prompt deliveries to all parts of city and depot.

## Stories Around Richmond.

By NEVIL G. HENSHAW

### A Breath of Air

It is said by many that there is no longer any romance in this modern, businesslike world of ours. That such things belong to a past age, and are only to be found nowadays in histories and historical romances.

If you argue with these people, telling them of the many little romances and acts of chivalry that go on daily beneath their very noses, they will laugh you to scorn. "How can a man be chivalrous when he wears a top hat and carries a stick and gloves?" they will ask you. And what romance can there be in the love of a man who wears a pair of \$1.00 overalls and carries a dinner pail? It is ten to one that the lady of his choice is a toiler in some factory or department store, and that she chews gum.

All of which goes to show that these people see only the glittering outside of things, taking no heed of the life

and love and self-sacrifice that lies within.

But these people are many, and are not to be disregarded by one who seeks the patronage of all. Therefore I am going to tell a story that I hope will please them, and will make them think that, even now, we are not as bereft of romance and chivalry as they think we are. For although I will not go back into the past for my material, yet they will find doublets and hose and brightly flashing swords. Also will there be a lady in distress, and a rescuing knight, all plumes, and clock, and rapier, and—just bear with me, and you will see.

When "The King's Ward" arrived in Richmond for a two nights' stand, Johnny Fuller was in a terrible state of mind. "The King's Ward" was a very successful musical comedy out for its annual road tour, after 300 nights in New York. Johnny Fuller sang in

the chorus and tried, when on the stage, to look as though he liked it.

One year before Fuller had left his home and a rather good engineering job in Louisiana to go to New York in search of fame and fortune. With him he took a fair bass voice, \$300 in cash, and a firm conviction that he would shortly star in grand opera.

Ten months later he presented himself before the manager of "The King's Ward" Company, and asked for a job in the chorus. He was minus everything that he had started with, save the bass voice, and even it was badly strained through frequent and unsuccessful try-outs in managers' offices. But the voice, or rather part of it, was still there, and he got the job at \$18 per week, subject to his making good at rehearsals.

Then Fuller went to the rehearsals and made good, for "The King's Ward" was going South, and he had an object in view. This object was to stay with the company until it finally played New Orleans. Once there he would leave it suddenly and forever, since he would then be in striking distance of his home. When he got home he would go back to engineering again, and would employ the bass voice solely in courting the negro section hands.

Having gotten the job, Fuller wrote to his friend Joe Sanders and told him of his plan. Also he added that although his progress southwards would be slow, it was yet easier and quicker than walking.

Then our hero set forth upon the road with "The King's Ward" Company, and in due course arrived in Richmond. Here he found a letter from his friend, which was the cause of his terrible state of mind. The letter was written by Joe Sanders, and told him that there was a new road being built in Louisiana, and that there was a job open that would suit Fuller down to the ground. Indeed, not only was the pay good, but he who held this job would stand directly in the path of swift and dizzy promotion. At the cost of much trouble Sanders had caused this job to be held open for the space of one week, that his friend might try for it. Fuller must return at once, borrowing the money for his ticket, if it was necessary to do so. Sanders would have inclosed it but for the unfortunate fact that he was "broke." Then the letter closed with a jocular command to "hook" the bass voice and come along.

When Fuller read this letter he was filled with hope and despair. He knew the job well, for the building of the road had been contemplated long before he left home. Also he knew that he was capable of getting the job, and of time, make quite a little fortune. But how could he get home in one week? That was the question. He had no money, and his ticket alone would cost two weeks' salary. Having been on the road less than a week, he could not even draw his first \$18. The only thing that he could see to do was to try and borrow the money from his companions in the chorus.

When he tried it that night in the men's dressing room, he found it an extremely unpleasant proceeding. He was in the same heat as themselves, the chorus men told him, and there would be nothing doing until the "ghost walked" at the end of the week. Besides, even if they had the money, they would hesitate about lending it to him. Several of the old-timers had been "stung" in just such a manner by homesick actors the year before.

Now, although there may have been justice in these remarks, they did not fall pleasantly upon Fuller's ears. Hurrying on his costume and make-up he stamped indignantly from the dressing-room, with the intention of waiting for the "curtain" in the wings.

When he had shut the door of the dressing-room behind him, he paused with his hand on the knob, listening to the muffled roar of laughter that had greeted his sudden exit. Before him, a long, narrow hall stretched away to the stage entrance, and as he looked at it, he had a sudden desire to get away from the false and tawdry life of the theatre, and outside into the fresh night air. It would be fully ten minutes before the curtain rose, and the wings were always hot and stuffy.

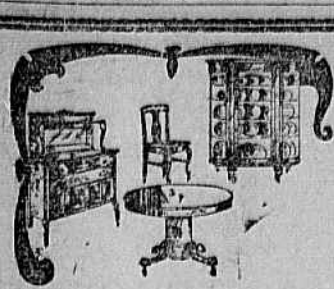
Turning away from the men's dressing-room, Fuller stepped briskly towards the stage entrance.

"I think I'll get a breath of air before the curtain rises," said he to the surly doorman, and so passed outside.

It was very cool and pleasant in the alley that led to the stage entrance, for a light breeze was blowing, and the full moon presided over a multitude of stars.

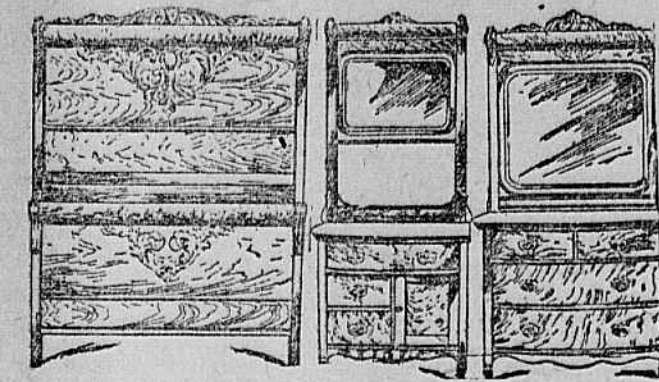
Lost in his thoughts and the beauty of the night, Fuller strolled down the alley until he came to the street that ran back of the theatre. And here he paused in his abstraction—a figure that would have roused much curiosity had there been any one upon the street to see him.

For, if you will remember, he was in the full glory of his costume and make-up, all ready to go on to the



## It Is Not Always Convenient

For one to pay spot cash for everything one wishes to buy. The largest business concerns in the country, the richest men in the world, are wealthy and continue to accumulate wealth because of the CREDIT they enjoy. We have applied the CREDIT principle to this big Furniture Business, and you see how the business has grown. Our liberal CREDIT plan is such that when you buy here on CREDIT you are simply husbanding your means. You get the best and most dependable Furniture that's built; you get the benefit of genuine UNDERSELLING PRICES, and you enjoy the use of the Furniture while settling the bill A LITTLE AT A TIME.



## An Extraordinary Bed-Room Suit Value

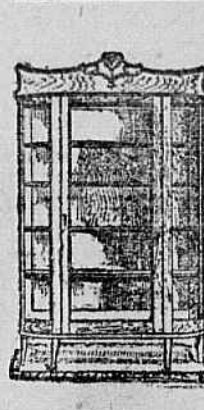
\$48.75 for this Quarter-Sawn Oak Bed-Room Suit, of best construction and finish, very heavy and massive, and usually sells for \$70.00.



## \$6.75 For This Exact Morris Chair

Built of solid oak; very heavy and massive; nicely finished and reversible cushions of Verona.

\$10.50 for a Very Elegant Solid Quarter-Sawn Oak Morris Chair; worth \$15.00.



## \$11.50 For This Exact China Closet

Solid oak, bent glass ends and nicely finished.

\$14.50 for the same China Closet with mirror top.



## \$8.50 For This Exact Mahogany Music Cabinet, Worth \$12.

You will find here an elegant assortment of Parlor Cabinets from \$10.50 to \$75.00.



## Buffets \$27.50

Buys a Very Handsome Solid Quarter-Sawn Oak Buffet; worth \$35.00.

Others up to \$100.

### SPECIAL.

We have just received a shipment of fifty Neat and Durable Mission Rockers, with Boston leather seat. They go on sale Monday for

\$4.95

# Pettit and Company

FOUSHEE BROAD STS

## Where the harm lies in calling all Piano-players Pianolas

This store is compelled to emphasize constantly the fact that there is

### But One Pianola

The tendency on the part of the press and others, to call all piano-players Pianolas, is a compliment, but nevertheless a source of confusion and injustice—

Injustice to the Pianola, whose individual prestige is thus used to exploit other less worthy instruments; Injustice to the eminent musicians and educators who have endorsed this particular instrument;

And above all, injustice to the individual who buys some other Piano-player in the belief that he is securing a Pianola.

THE GENUINE PIANOLA HAS WON A HIGH PLACE FOR ITSELF IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Its fine points of construction, its vitally important features, such as the METRO-STYLE, THEMODIST, etc., and the extreme care exercised in editing its enormous repertoire of music, have given it this standing.

Few people would care to pay the price of the Pianola for a mere means of producing more or less mechanical music.

That they are willing to pay, however, for a serious musical instrument, such as the attitude

of the musical world shows the Pianola to be, proved by the enormous sale of this instrument, which exceeds the sale of ALL OTHER PIANO-PLAYERS COMBINED.

It is only fair that the public should understand that an endorsement of the Pianola is NOT an endorsement of piano-players in general.

And that it is the Pianola—and the Pianola alone—which has received the endorsement of practically every one of the great musicians of the present day.

Pianola Pianos Cost \$550 to \$1,050. Pianolas Cost \$215 to \$300.

Moderate Monthly Payments.

Walter D. Moses & Co., Sole Agents for Pianolas.

103 East Broad Street.

Oldest Music House in Virginia.

stage. Upon his head was a wide felt hat, whose curling plume swept almost to his cloak of crimson velvet. Also he wore doublet, hose and jerkin while suspended from his left shoulder was a baldric holding a long, straight sword of glittering steel.

Truly was he a knight fit for any lady, as he stood in bitter meditation beneath the stars.

His automobile swung suddenly around the corner and came rushing towards him, blinding him with its brilliant lights. Startled from his reverie, Fuller began hastily to retreat to the theatre, when he noticed that the automobile was slowing down perceptibly. Then, as he watched, it ran still slower, turned around and came to a stop directly before him.

In the tonneau behind sat a solitary man, who beckoned him to approach. Stepping up to the car, Fuller asked him what he wanted. But the man only continued to beckon, holding a hand behind his ear in the manner of a deaf person.

"Get on the runnin'-board an' yell at him," advised the chauffeur. "The gentleman's deaf."

So Fuller stepped onto the runnin'-board and leaning over the edge of the car prepared his bass voice for a deep shout.

Instantly the deaf gentleman seized him by the arm, and the chauffeur threw on his highest speed. The next minute the big automobile was plunging up the street with Fuller clinging desperately to his precarious foothold.

Then the deaf gentleman spoke.

"Don't you think you'd better climb over the door and come inside?" he asked quietly. "You're not dressed for automobilin', you know, and you might fall off an' get hurt."

Thus admonished, Fuller climbed carefully over the door and dropped onto the seat beside the deaf gentleman. Next he turned furiously upon this strange person who had taken so much trouble to abduct him.

"See here," he shouted, "what does this mean? I've got to be on the stage in five minutes or I'll lose my job, and you can gamble on the fact that I won't lose it willingly. If this is a joke, it's a pretty poor one, and you'd better cut it out right now."

The deaf gentleman waved blandly, after the fashion of one who seeks to quiet a petulant child. "This is no joke, I assure you," answered he. "It is rather an experiment of a very serious nature that I need your assistance in trying. If you promise to assist me, I will make it well worth

your while. If you do not, we will prolong this ride until you consent. Should you dislike riding with me, you can jump out at your own risk. Also I warn you to attempt no violence. I have a pistol in the car that I carry for dogs and other nuisances, and I know how to use it."

Fuller looked out at the rows of houses that were slipping past him at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and decided not to jump out.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked sulkily.

The deaf gentleman nodded his approval. "That's better," said he. "All that I ask of you is to come to my house and see a lady. She will probably request you to do certain simple things and you do them. That is all. The whole affair will possibly take half an hour, and I will pay you well, and send you back to the theatre in time for the second act. Do you agree?"

"Having no choice, I suppose that I do," answered Fuller, and relapsed into a moody silence, while the automobile rushed on towards the outskirts of the city.

Presently it reached a place of fashionable residences and drew up before a large stone house. Stepping quickly from the automobile, the deaf gentleman led Fuller into the house, and upstairs to the second floor. Here he pointed to a heavy, mahogany door, and spoke in a low voice.

"Go in there," said he, "and do answer whatever your judgment tells you to. I cannot advise you, for I do not know what will happen. All that I can do is to pray for your success."

Then he opened the door and pushed Fuller into the room.

At this slight sound the lady turned and fixed her longing eyes upon him. For a moment she gazed, and in that moment her expression changed to one of sudden and exquisite happiness. Rising hastily, she hurried towards Fuller, her arms outstretched.

"At last, Sir Renee, knight of my heart! At last you have come," cried she.

Seeing that the woman was mad, Fuller turned towards the door, only to find that it was held from the outside. Then, seeing that he was in for the best to humor her.

Sweeping off his plumed hat, he bowed to the floor. "I am here, my lady," answered he.

At this the lady seized his arm and

pointed eagerly before her.

"Then may I wonder, catfish," she cried hysterically. "How him down and bear me from this prison, Sir Renee. Bear me to my father, the warden of the Marches. Haste, Sir Renee, lest ye be too late!"

Following the line of her outstretched hand Fuller saw that it pointed to a tall, mahogany chair in a corner of the room, and without more ado he drew his sword and fell furiously upon it. For a while he hacked and stabbed at the harmless piece of furniture until he finally broke his blade and gave it up in disgust.

But the lady did not seem to hear him. She was standing in the middle of the room with her hands pressed to her head, and her body shook as with apoplexy.

Suddenly she dropped her hands and stood for a moment looking at Fuller in utter amazement. "Who are you, and how is it that I am at home?" she asked nervously. "Where is the car and my husband? Have I been asleep or what?"

With a shout of happiness the deaf gentleman sprang from his place at the keyhole and rushed into the room. Hurrying to the lady he placed his arms about her, and she, still with her hands pressed to her head, and her body shook as with apoplexy.

"It's all right dear," said he. "You've been a little ill. That's all. You must keep quiet now while I ring for your maid. I'll tell you all about it later."

Then he led the bewildered Fuller from the room and outside to the waiting automobile.

Fuller a roll of bills from his pocket the deaf gentleman thrust them into Fuller's hand and helped him into the car. "There," said he, "that's all I have on me, and I'm sorry that it isn't more. If it was a hundred times as much it wouldn't repay you. Good night, and God bless you. Back to the theatre, George, and hit it up. I'll stand the fine with the others that will be coming to me in the morning for the run out."

And turning away he hurried into the house, while the automobile sped down the street.

For a while Fuller lay back upon the leather cushion in limp amazement, until he remembered that he had a bill in his hand. Counting the bills in the flash of the quickly-passing lights he found that as well as he could see he had some \$100.00. At least his adventure had paid him so well that he could leave for Louisiana in the morning. Then his curiosity overcame him, and leaning over the back of the front

seat he spoke to George, the chauffeur. "I say," he asked, "what kind of a against? Are both those people crazy? against? Are both those people crazy? I thought that the lady was, and now that I've counted this roll I think that the man is also. What's doing anywhere?"

George cut down his speed a little, and answered without turning his head. "I guess you are curious," said he, "an' 's been successful. I don't guess the boss'll mind my tellin' you. You see it's this way: The boss an' his wife took a Southern tour last spring, an' I was choffer. Comin' round a sharp turn we run into a Ruben drivin' a load of hay, an' busted everything all to smash."

"The boss an' me come out all right," said he, "but the missus hit her head on the side of the car, an' at first we thought she was dead. When she come to we wished she was. You see the luck'd busted up her ear, an' somehow her clutch didn't seem to work; her mind just kept going round an' round on one thought, an' never gettin' nowhere."

"Well, the boss tried all the bog doc's in the country, but they couldn't do her no good. She'd just sit in her room all day an' call for Sir Rainey, which was the prince's name. Then the boss said it was no use, an' he said, 'makin' smash-up No. 3.'"

"We was comin' from one of the doc's to-night when I seen you standin' on the sidewalk, an' I says to the boss, 'There's Sir Rainey now,' thinkin' it might cheer him up a little."

"Call him an' play like you're deaf, an' get him on the runnin' board," says I. "Then grab him, an' I'll do the rest." "So we done it, an' now you've saved the missus, for I was upstairs helpin' the boss hold the door, an' I heard it all. You're all right, Sir Rainey, an' if I had a million, I'd be your man."

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George drew up before the stage entrance with a flourish.

"The story an' the car don't go no further, Sir Rainey," answered he.